

## Newell To Graduate At Naval Academy, June 3

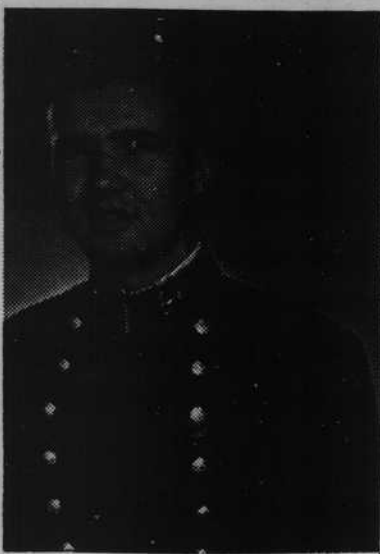
Scheduled to be graduated from the U. S. Naval Academy Friday, June 3, is Midn. 1-C Marcy L. Newell, son of Mr. and Mrs. Marcy B. Newell, of Elm Bend road, Brevard.

He entered the naval academy on a congressional appointment from Colorado in July, 1951, after graduating from East High school in Denver in 1951.

Upon graduation, he will receive a Bachelor of Science degree and be commissioned a second lieutenant in the U. S. Air Force.

The graduation ceremony will take place at 11:00 a. m. (EDT) in historic Dahlgren Hall, culminating traditionally colorful "June Week."

Now there's an electric toaster on the market that does three slices at once.



MARCY L. NEWELL



### THE LAUGH CORNER

"Say, mister—can you give me six cents for a cuppa coffee?"  
"Coffee is a dime!"  
"So, who buys retail?"

Mr. Blinks was busily engaged with a spade in the mud beside his car when a stranger hailed him. "Stuck in the mud?" he asked. "Oh, no!" replied Mr. Blinks cheerfully. "My engine died here and I'm digging a grave for it."

Wife (in back seat): "Don't drive so fast, Donald."  
Husband: "Why not?"

Wife: "That policeman on a motorcycle behind us can't get by."

A man inserted a newspaper describing a billfold he had lost, with \$10 in it, and the next day a boy called at his home.

"This looks like my billfold all right, sonny," said the man, "but it can't be. You see, my billfold has a \$10 bill in it, not ten ones."

"I know, mister," replied the boy, "but the last time I found a \$10 bill, the man didn't have any change."

"Have you been to any doctor before you came to see me?" asked the grouchy doctor.  
"No, sir," replied the meek pa-

"A Man Called Peter" shows Saturday, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday at the Co-Ed Theatre.

ient. "I went to a druggist."  
"That shows how much sense some people have!" growled the doctor. "And what sort of idiotic advice did he give you?"

"He told me to come and see you."

When Eddie, the slow moving and inefficient clerk in a small town store, was not in evidence one morning, a customer asked, "Where is Eddie? He ain't sick, is he?"

"Nope, he ain't," replied the proprietor. "He just ain't workin' here no more."

"That so?" responded the villager. "Got anybody in mind for the vacancy?"

"Nope. Eddie didn't leave no vacancy."

"My hair is falling out," admitted the timid man to the chemist. "Can you recommend something to keep it in?"

"Certainly," replied the obliging chemist. "Here's a cardboard box."

Druggist: "Did the mudpack I suggested improve your wife's appearance?"

Customer: "It did for a few days, but then it wore off."

A theatre manager was severely reprimanding a meek doorman. "Mr. Jones, I understand you've been going over my head," stated



## From A Reporter's Notebook

By FRANCES WALKER

Readers of The Times personal column last week probably got a chuckle out of the leading item: "Hamilton Basso, former Brevard resident and author of 'The View from Pompey's Head' visited friends here this week." That's the way Mr. Basso wrote it, handed it to this reporter and said, "Here's your story." In his soft-spoken manner there was a hint of finality so I didn't pressure him. You see, Mr. Basso is truly a modest man. To some his attitude might be a little incredulous, but when he said he didn't see there was any story about his being here, he meant it. Of course I came back with the reply that a man who could write a book which stayed number one on the best seller list for months was big news. He said it was no longer news because "Pompey's Head" has dropped down until it's fifth place now. Even a persuasive woman couldn't persuade him. He's such a nice guy I really couldn't be vexed, though. When Mr. Basso suggested we sit down and have a chat I jumped at the chance, even if it was off the record. For the sake of newcomers who don't know, the Basso used to live near Brevard. Everytime Mr. Basso comes back here for a visit, he says he's still looking for another spot to build a home and hopes someday to come back and be a permanent resident.

Carolyn (Mrs. Tom) Eller must be following in the teaching footsteps of her parents, Principal and Mrs. R. T. Kimzey. Since Carolyn began teaching the little folks in the first grade, all kinds of good reports have been drifting up from the Brevard primary building. The latest is what Carolyn did for Mother's Day. Being fortunate enough to possess artistic ability, Carolyn put it to use, much to the pleasure of her students' mothers. She drew first, and then cut out of black paper, a silhouette of each of her 30-some pupils. The drawing

the employer.  
"Not that I know of, sir," ventured the meek employer.  
"Not that I know of, sir," ventured the meek employee.  
"Isn't it true that you've been praying for a raise?" asked the manager.

Bride: "I'm so sorry the dog ate all my nice cookies."  
Hubby: "Never mind, we'll get another dog."

Hostess (to a little boy at a party):  
"Why don't you eat your jello?"  
Little boy (watching jello closely): "It's not dead yet."

The men in the nudist colony were giving the new entrant a bit more than a glance. One of them exclaimed, "Man, I'll bet she looks good in a sweater."

Doctor: "Your husband must have absolute quiet. Here is a sleeping powder."  
Wife: "When do I give it to him?"

Doctor: "You don't. You take it yourself."

When you think of prescriptions think of VARNER'S.—adv.

was sent home to the mother. Many were so pleased they have had them framed. In later years, mothers will place untold values on these likenesses done of their child by his first grade teacher.

Wilma Dykeman, a native of Asheville, has had published a book which should have wide appeal in the area. Simply enough, its title is "The French Broad." In the book she tells not only the story of "our" river but also of the folklore, legends and people of Western Carolina. She calls it "The book I've been living and learning all my life." The writer tells of the beginning of the great French Broad near Rosman and follows it on its course to Knoxville. As the river meanders along Miss Dykeman follows it through the various towns, villages and tells of the history, religion, moonshining . . . even the great Smokies. Folks looking for a gift to send to friends in other parts of the country about our area should welcome "The French Broad."

Have you ever written a fan letter? I suppose all of us have at one time or another. The popularity of television has probably prompted more of us to be "fan letter writers" than anything else in recent years. Mrs. Harry Bobst, of Brevard, wrote her first fan letter to Harriet Nelson recently, and it was prompted by an apron! One of Mrs. Bobst's favorite pastimes is making aprons, and her favorite comedy show is "Ozzie and Harriet." So one evening when Harriet had on a particularly fetching apron Mrs. Bobst decided to write her. Naturally she told Mrs. Nelson how much she and Dr. Bobst enjoy the show. She also said she was fascinated by the apron. I am sure that most stars would not have bothered to sit down and answer the letter personally as Harriet Nelson did. Furthermore she drew off a diagram of how the apron was made and seemed pleased that Mrs. Bobst was so interested. She explained that the apron was made and presented to her by the wife of a man who works on their television show. Mrs. Bobst plans to make a number of these aprons and will sell them during the summer through her church auxiliary with proceeds to go to the parish house.

It's always so gratifying to hear that people read this stuff, and even enjoy it. I'd get a lot more inspiration if there were more Mrs. Harlees among Times' subscribers, too. Every time Mrs. Allie B. Harlee comes down off See-Off mountain, she stops in to comment on something she's read in this column or elsewhere in the paper. She likes good stories, too, and brought one along for me. Here it is:  
The teacher sent the spelling class to the blackboards to make lists of every word they knew ending with "een."  
When they had finished she went down the line checking. She came to one boy who had left out the word "Queen."  
"Boyd," she said, "you have left out one word."  
"Yessum," Boyd replied, "I know, queen; but I don't know how to make a kwee."

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We believe we have a plan that will fit the needs and desires of every potential home owner in our county. However, there may be some who are confronted with peculiar situations. We invite such people to bring their problems to us for thorough consideration. It might be that we could work out a plan that would enable them to own the "home of their dreams." Remember, our plan is limited to Transylvania county.

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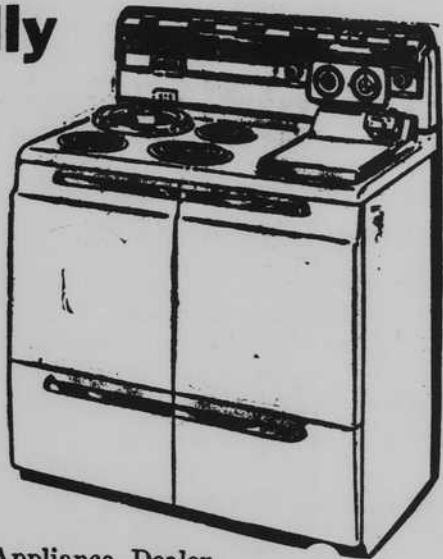
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